

TURNCOAT,

A

PARODY

Of the TRAGEDY of

ATHELSTAN.

In One ACT.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by PAUL VAILLANT, facing
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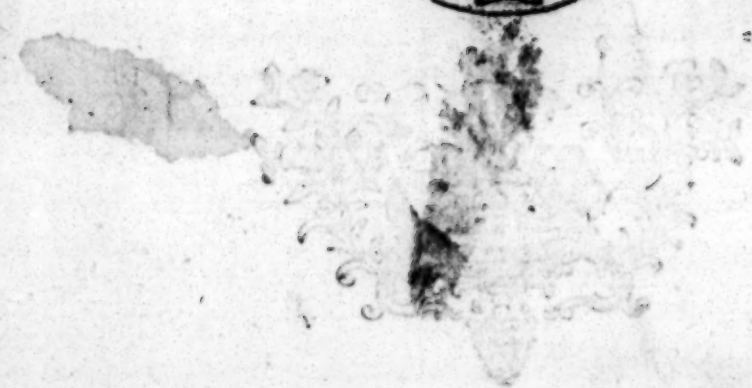
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TURINCOAT

P A R O D Y

OF THE TRAGEDY OF

MACBETH



LONDON :

Printed and Sold by T. & A. VAUGHAN, 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, Strand, W.C. 2.
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TO THE
 AUTHOR
 OF
ATHELSTAN.

S I R,

THE Public will, I make no Doubt, think it somewhat extraordinary, that I should present the Author of *ATHELSTAN* with a *Parody* on that Tragedy; in Truth, did I not look upon myself as entirely distinguished from the Herd of modern Critics, I should never have hazarded it; but as a Motive quite opposite to that of Envy, Malice or Rancour, has directed me through the whole Course of this Performance, the Pleasure which naturally occurs to a Writer in launching his Pen into the World, is greatly increased by that which I feel, in being able to address you, Sir, without blushing; for if I blush, it is absolutely through a Consciousness of my own Insufficiency, and because I am sensible, that so trivial a Work as *TURNCOAT*, does by no Means deserve the Acceptance of an Author, whose Merit and

Excellence has acquired him the Suffrages and Applause of the most just and impartial Judges in Dramatic Performances: Nevertheless I flatter myself you will indulge this Bagatel, and in permitting me to lay it before you, permit me also to subscribe myself, with real Esteem and Sincerity,

S I R,

Your most humble and

most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

vi A PREFATORY DISCOURSE

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

ON

PARODIES.

IN order to prevent this Parody from being Parody'd, it is indispensably necessary not only to enter into a Discourse on that Kind of Writing, but even to examine in some Measure my own Undertaking,

First, then, the Name of Parody is derived from the Greek Word Παρωδία, and implies a Poem, wherein the Seriousness and Sublimity of a Work is ridiculed, as well as the Work itself: It implies also a Writ, wherein the true Sense of another Writ is slyly diverted, evaded, and transformed: If we look back among the Antients, we shall find that Parodies were not altogether unknown to the Greeks and Romans; they were invented by Hegremont, the intimate Friend of the famed Alcibiades, Socrates's Disciple; and the judicious and eloquent

eloquent Orator Cicero points out the End and Rules of Parody ; which are strictly observed in France, wherethegreatestGeniusses think it no Dishonour to their Pen to employ it in that Species of Writing ; thus, the learned Abbé Menage parody'd a Sonnet of Malherbe's ; and Boileau, the renowned French Censor, whole Scenes of Corneille's Tragedy, called Le Cid, which leads us to the strongest Proof, that the greatest Bards themselves, cannot produce a Tragedy, but what may be parody'd ; none, at this present Time, appear upon the French Stage, or issue from the Press, without undergoing a Parody ; and it would be rather accounted a Dishonour to the Author, if it were otherwise. To this and this alone, ought we to ascribe the Superiority of that Nation, in deciding Points of Literature. A Parody is the Touch-stone of Criticism ; and a Light which shews us the Defects of an Author, and as often points out his Beauties and Excellence. Some Anti-Parodists object, that a Parody makes of Virtue a Paradox, and often endeavours to ridicule it ; on the contrary, the Business of a Parodist, is sometimes to bid Virtue hold up her Head, and to maintain her Rights, and without being taxed of ridiculing it, he may wage War with that Virtue, which is in Fact ridiculous ; how many Tragedies have we not, upon our own Stage, filled with Heroes and Heroines, who, by their Conduct, throughout the Course of the Drama, belie their Expressions : This is a want of Justness in the Authors, not in the Actors ;

Actors; therefore it is only the Authors, not the Actors, that are criticised.

I am surprised, that TURNCOAT should be the first Parody in the English Language, and that we have hitherto remained so indifferent, in Points of Criticism. This, at length, creates a Dislike of Literature. The Republic of Letters, in Britain, which has rivaled France, in the Times of Shakespear, Addison, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Newton, Congreve, Steel and others, begins at length, to be neglected, and even despised; no Encouragement is given to Authors, and Ignorance already hovers over our Heads. This is the chief Reason, why

Secondly, I have undertaken the Parody of ATHELSTAN; I am not ignorant of the many Incongruities, I shall undoubtedly be found guilty of, nevertheless I do not hesitate to lay it before the Publick. I shall only trouble the Reader with a few of my own Thoughts upon it, which will, I hope, apologize, if not for all, at least for the principal Faults.

TURNCOAT at his Appearance, is compelled to undergo great Difficulties and Inconveniencies; 1. A Parody loses all its Worth, when it falls into the Hands of those who are unacquainted with the Subject it criticises; and the Tragedy of ATHELSTAN has been published some Months ago, and is, as it were, almost

almost forgot by those who have read it. 2. The Winter Season, alias the Reading Season, is past, and Britons, who are naturally Politicians, have at present too much Business upon their Hands, and too much Thought to indulge in their Heads, to call to Mind an antient Danish Invasion. 3. Every Person, who is acquainted with the Nature of the English Language, cannot be ignorant, that blank Verse, in low or common Expressions, is extremely flat, and Prosaic; no Idiom but ours, and the Italian, is susceptible of this Kind of Poetry, and in this the former is so preferable to the latter, that it cannot stand in Competition with it; nay, it is, as it were, impossible to assume a sublime Stile, or above the common Way of speaking, but in the English Language, it insensibly runs into Verse; on the other Side, ordinary, and usual Expressions turned into blank Verse, by due Measure, make nothing but Prose; whereas a Burlesque and rhiming stile is as agreeable to the Ear, as the most brilliant Phrases in blank Verse. In short, if any Writer should hereafter be pleased to parody any Tragedy whatever, I would advise him to do it in Rhime, as the best and securest Road to Success.

Having said thus much, I shall take my Leave of the Reader, with a few Reflections on the Tragedy of
ATHELSTAN.

My

My Dedication will, I hope, acquit me, of any Enmity or Malice, against the Author; therefore I shall say nothing on that Side. That there are Beauties in this Play, is obvious to every discerning Reader; that I think there are Faults, this Parody will perhaps be an Instance of; and yet I look upon ATHELSTAN as a Piece, whose Merit outvies all Errors, and sufficiently compensates for the Breach of Unity of Action, which the Author has thought proper to overlook in several Places. This Point is also disregarded by almost all the Dramatic Writers in this Kingdom, and the English Audiences let it pass unnoticed, nevertheless Horace's Rule holds good, as well as the Name of ACT, which plainly wills, that the Scene be transacted in one and the same Spot, till the said ACT is at an End.



Dramatis Personæ.

ENGLISH.

TURNCOAT, Duke of *Mercia*.

POLITIC, his Lieutenant.

HARDY, an Officer.

CHYDA.

PINA, her Fellow Captive.

DANES.

SURLY, Captain General.

BRAGWELL, his Lieutenant.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

GLUTTON.

SCENE, The *Danish* Camp, near *London*.



TURNCOAT.

SCENE I. *The open Camp.*

BRAGWELL.



I V E Hours, to win a Fight?
By *Denmark's* Gods
My thunder-striking Arm cou'd
have subdu'd
The World's wide Empire *since*
the Morn.

SCENE II.

BRAGWELL, GLUTTON.

BRAGWELL.

Well, GLUTTON
What means this vile Delay?

B 2

GLUTTON

12. T U R N C O A T.

GLUTTON.

News, BRAGWELL, News!

By Heav'n, News, which thou ne'er hast heard
before——

From yonder Eminence, ev'n now, I saw,
Proud *London's* City, smoaking, like the Devil—
Next it began to blaze, and now it burns.
Open thine Eyes, and view yon Wreaths of Smoak.

BRAGWELL.

Where? I see nothing.

GLUTTON.

No! then sure thou'rt blind.

O BRAGWELL, SURLY's Arm hath conquer'd
Britain,

No more shall we behold accursed *Denmark.*

Beef and Plumb-Pudding shall we have in Plenty.
England's our own!

BRAGWELL.

No more—I'm sorry for't.

GLUTTON.

So am not I. Heiday! What ails thee, BRAGWELL?
That ev'n now, when this haughty *London's* Tow'rs
Are humbled in the Dust; that ev'ry *Briton,*
With clouded Eyes, and punging Grief, laments
The Loss of Beef, more than his Country's Fate;
Thyself, a *Dane,* instead of laughing, weepest?

BRAGWELL.

Oh! Plainly, do I see, thou knowest not
Th' Inconstance of my Temper, but this Moment,
I heart'ly curst SURLY for not conqu'ring,

And

And now I curse him for having conquer'd.
Besides; have I not cause to hate the General?

GLUTTON.

Grant it. But hast thou Cause to tell me so?
Surely thou art a Fool; perhaps thou thinkest
I have no Pow'r against thy faithless Heart;
Mistak'n Man! I've a Tongue, as well as thee;
Besides, my Love, my Duty to the Gen'ral,
Demands, I shou'd inform him of the Perils
That threat'n his Life and Pow'r: Nevertheless,
I will for once forget myself, and calmly
Witness thy dark Revenge, and SURLY's Fall.
But SHACKLEFIGURE comes.

S C E N E III.

BRAGWELL, GLUTTON, SHACKLE-
FIGURE.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Hail, valiant BRAGWELL,
This is a fine Day! SURLY sends thee greeting,
And bids me tell thee, what thou know'st already,

BRAGWELL.

Brave SHACKLEFIGURE, (for we all are brave)
Thou'rt welcome, yet more welcome for thy
Tidings,
Howe'er unmeaning, and nonsensical
They may appear. But tell us how ye sped.
Where fought our Gen'ral SURLY?

SHACKLE-

SHACKLEFIGURE.

On the Thames—

No! I lie,—'twas that ill-portending Bird,
The Rav'n, our Standard, who, from crouded
Decks,

With deadly Rage, and warlike Valour, first
Began to hurl Destruction on the Foe.

SURLY then, like a *Tumbler*, leapt to Shore,
Follow'd by Thousands, dext'rous as himself,
Who, swift as Thunderbolts, and stormy Winds,
Like spreading Pestilence, at once, o'erthrew
Britannia's threat'ning Sons; but as thou know'st,
These *Britons* are unconquer'd, ev'n in Death,
Ne'er had the City fall'n a Prey to *Denmark*,
If brave TURNCOAT, the Cream and Flow'r of
War,

Mercia's brave Duke, with more than mortal Fury
Had not drop'd from the Moon, and kindly come
To *Denmark's* Aid—

BRAGWELL.

Indeed, 'twas very kind.

GLUTTON.

And so it was, proceed.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Well, old TURNCOAT,
(His Head adorn'd with—)

BRAGWELL.

Never mind his Dress.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Manfully putting on a vig'rous Youth,
As you, or I, might on a Suit of Cloaths,
And clasping Death, and Fate, at his right Hand,
Left

Left *Denmark's* Troops, and his own fiery *Mercians*.
Behind: Whilst he, alone, like mighty *Odin*,
War's dreadful God, with more than human
Strength
Precipitately rush'd upon the Foe,
And drove them, like a Herd of Swine, before him.

GLUTTON.

Well! that's a Fib, I'm sure.

BRAGWELL.

Know'st thou the Cause,
Why this proud Duke abjur'd his King, and
leagu'd
With *Denmark's* Sons, to overwhelm his Country.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

And, how the Devil shou'd I know it?

GLUTTON.

Guess,

SHACKLEFIGURE.

That I can do; for Guessing's of great Use,
In *Tragedies*; know then the Cause, But hark!
What Shouts are yon?—'Tis *SURLY's* thund'ring
Voice,

He comes, his Troops like Porters, richly laden
With *London's* Plunder.

SCENE IV.

SURLY, HARDY in Chains, BRAGWELL, GLUTTON, SHACKLEFIGURE, Guards and Prisoners.

BRAGWELL.

All-hail, valiant *SURLY*.

SURLY

SURLY.

Hold ! Let me speak first, for by *Denmark's* Gods
I have not utter'd a Word *since* the Morn,
Brave BRAGWELL, *London's* won——'Twas Pity,

BRAGWELL,

That on this Day, greater than other Days,
Thy ruinous Valour prey'd not in the Field;
But Plans, Events, Surprise and Catastrophe
Forbad it. Now behold this Train of Captives,
View that Monkey-like Face (*pointing to Hardy*)
whose Sword oppos'd
To mine ; oft had near run me thro' the Guts.
Why do'st thou laugh ?

HARDY.

Because I dare to scorn thee,
I am an *Englishman*, thence learn to fear me.

SURLY.

By all the Pow'rs of Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell,
I fear thee not. Nay, op'n thy Tongue once more,
Audacious Slave, and with this Club-like Fist
I'll rush thee, and knock thy Brains out.

HARDY.

Do.

SURLY.

Again. Now, by our Gods, I am a Fool
To waste the Hours, in Parley, with an Ape.
Lo ! *Mercia's* Duke advances ; how I hate
him. (*aside.*)

Yes : Curses numberless take this TURNCOAT,
For giving *Britain's* Realms to *Denmark* ; yet
'Tis meet, for Reasons, to ourselves best known,
That Knav'ry, and Dissimulation greet him,
With Praise, and Thanks.

SCENE

SCENE V.

TURNCOAT, SURLY, HARDY,
BRAGWELL, SHACKLEFIGURE,
GLUTTON.

SURLY.

Thrice welcome, brave TURNCOAT,
Thy mighty Arm hath sham'd its former Doings;
In short, thou wer't an honest Man before,
Now, thou'rt a Rogue——

TURNCOAT.

SURLY, I heed thee not,
Thou'rt a Flatt'rer,——ay! a great one too,
And Flatt'ry wounds the Rebel's honest Ear;
King *Ethelred* wrong'd me, I know not how,
Therefore I lick'd him——SURLY, who is that?
(pointing to Hardy.)

SURLY.

I know not. But let him be who it will,
He's as fierce as a Bear.

TURNCOAT.

Let him come on.
Who'rt thou?

HARDY.

A Briton.

TURNCOAT.

Who am I?

HARDY.

A Scoundrel.

TURNCOAT.

Generous Warrior, I'll unbind thy Chains.

C

HARDY.

HARDY.

I chuse to wear 'em.

TURNCOAT.

That's a strange Choice, stab me!

SURLY to SHACKLEFIGURE.

Here, you Sir, lead forth these Fellows to *Denmark!*
You BRAGWELL, bear that Insolent away.

SCENE VI.

TURNCOAT, SURLY.

SURLY.

Valiant TURNCOAT, whate'er inventive Passion
Can fancy for Enjoyment, waits thy Will.

TURNCOAT.

Nothing I reck but Blood; of this I've drank
My Belly full.

SURLY,

Has nothing then no Spoil
Enrich'd thy Valour.

TURNCOAT.

Yes: One beauteous Captive,
So pretty; wou'd to Heav'n I were but Twenty!

SURLY.

'Tis hard for her, she fell into thy Hands,
Some youthful Warrior; myself, for Example -
You understand me - - -

TURNCOAT,

Since I cannot have her,
No Man shall.

SURLY.

How did'st thou obtain this Captive?

TURNCOAT.

TURNCOAT.

19

TURNCOAT.

By Chance, the Goddess of all Tragedies,
That same Chance, fav'ring all our Purposes,
This Way leads her.

SCENE VII.

TURNCOAT, SURLY, CHYDA,
PINA, POLITIC.

TURNCOAT.

CHYDA, how do you do?—Nay, wipe those
Tears,
Else shall I deem thee an unthankful Wretch.

CHYDA.

Kind Heav'n forbid, that I shou'd cease to weep,
For I have lost a Husband, brave TURNCOAT,
And Husbands, now-a-days, are very scarce.

TURNCOAT.

CHYDA, be comforted, perhaps he lives.
Much stranger Things have happen'd.

CHYDA.

Flatt'ring Hope.

O Grant me that, ye Heav'ns, with all I need;
I ask no more.

SURLY.

Now by our Gods of *Denmark*,

TURNCOAT, this is too beautiful a Girl,
For an old cringing Fool, like thee to gaze at.

TURNCOAT.

Her weeping Beauty merits my Protection.

SURLY.

What is that to the Purpose?—'Tis my Will
To have this beauteous Captive grace my Bed.

C 2

TURNCOAT.

TURNCOAT.

And 'tis my Will, she thou'd not.

SURLY.

Say you so?

TURNCOAT.

I do.

SURLY.

Nay, then, 'tis Time for me, to go.

S C E N E VIII.

TURNCOAT, CHYDA, PINA, POLITIC.

TURNCOAT.

Abominable Rascal! Shall the Brave,
 The Valiant, the Victorious, the Conqu'ring
 The Generous, the Great, the Glorious,
 The True, the Faithful, the Magnificent.

POLITIC.

He won't ha' done, this Hour, it's my Opinion.

TURNCOAT.

In fine, shall TURNCOAT——shall he basely cring
 Beneath the Pride of an imperious Dog?

POLITIC.

I knew it wou'd be thus, and Heav'n is Witness
 I bore the Sword against my Country's King,
 And consequently turn'd a Rebel, only
 To laugh at thee, and shew thee, thou didst wrong.

TURNCOAT.

Silence, you Fool; the Dye of Fate is thrown.

CHYDA.

Now 'tis my Turn to speak---O brave TURNCOAT,
 I'm a new-fashion'd Woman, who prefer

Death

Death and my Virtue, to all Things besides;
Thou art a Villain——Prithee murder me.

TURNCOAT.

The Devil fetch me if I do, far from it,
This pow'rful Arm 'gainst Insult shall protect
thee;——

POLITIC, are my Troops camp'd separately?

POLITIC.

Aye.

TURNCOAT.

And is CHYDA's Tent, prepar'd by mine?

POLITIC.

I did command it so.

TURNCOAT.

Then let us go.

SCENE IX.

SURLY, BRAGWELL, GLUTTON.

SURLY.

Thou has'nt seen her?

BRAGWELL.

I know her, for all that.

SURLY.

Oh, she's a damn'd fine Girl,——yet though
my Passion

Brooks no Control, I must, I will delay,

'Till (which, I'm pretty certain, will ne'er be)

I can win her Consent; then haste thee, BRAGWELL,

To the Fair's Tent. Tell her, the Gods of

Denmark

Thirst after Blood, and claim the Sacrifice

Of fifty Slaves, as theirs, by Doom of War,

But

But, that I, who care not a Pin for th' Gods,
Accept her Smiles, in Ransom for their Blood.

BRAGWELL.

Some Captive *Briton*, best wou'd bend her Pride.

SURLY.

No. That won't do.

BRAGWELL.

And yet it must do. Else
Farewell our Plan.

SURLY.

Nay, then, 'tis well advis'd.

Go. Lead some Captive *Briton* to her Tent——

Now, by the Gods I'll grasp her, in my Arms,
Tho' Heav'n, Earth, Hell, nay tho' myself op-
pos'd me.

SCENE X.

BRAGWELL, GLUTTON.

BRAGWELL.

Come Rogu'ry, Knav'ry, and Diffimulation,
Welcome, my Friends, Once more welcome, I say,
He fears me not——Thou know'st the Captive

HARDY;

Him will I send, to bear the Gen'ral's Love
To the Fair's Tent——Go, GLUTTON, fetch him
hither. (*Ex. GLUTTON.*)

The Office of a Pimp he hates, I know,
And therefore shall he strengthen CHYDA's Virtue.
Man-while, the horrid Purpose will I eccho
In TURNCOAT's Ears, and rouse his slumb'ring
Fury.

Too prone, to catch against the surly SURLY——
Like Dogs, and Cats, their deadly Bites and
Scratches,

With

TURN COAT.

23

With fierce conflicting Wrath, shall meet in
Thunder,
And Blood, and Hell, and Vengeance, close the
Fray.

SCENE XI.

BRAGWELL, HARDY.

BRAGWELL.

HARDY! What here, already! You've good Legs,
Thou know'st (at least, I know) by Doom of War,
Twice five and twenty Slaves, no more, nor less,
To *Denmark's* Gods must bleed——yet, thou hast
Pow'r

Ev'n to prevent the Sacrifice; in short,
Yon Tent conceals a Beauty, whose Eyes, like
Those of a Cat, diffuse a Light thro' Darkness,
The Gen'ral loves her; thou'rt to be his Pimp,
And win this CHYDA to his Bed.

HARDY.

How?——CHYDA!

CHYDA!——What CHYDA?——Oh ye Pow'rs of
Heaven,

BRAGWELL, if even thou had'st any Ears,
And hast still any; prithee hear me now;
That CHYDA is my Wife, and I'm her Husband.

BRAGWELL.

You joke!

HARDY.

The Devil fetch me, if I do——
My Wife! devoted to the Russian's Lust.

BRAGWELL.

HARDY, how odd and awkward, wilt thou look,
When by the scoffing World, proclaimed——a
Cuckold.

HARDY.

HARDY:

Avaunt, ye dreadful Horns, approach me not ;
 Nor taint my spotless Brow, with horrid Branches,
 Oh gen'rous BRAGWELL!—HARDY yield his
 Wife!

To a vile Ruffian's Lust——A *Cuckold-maker* ;
 It shall not be, I'll sooner dash her Beauties
 To Pieces, and make her a Shame to be seen ;
 By Heav'n, I'd rather have a monstrous Wife,
 Than that myself shou'd be a Monster--BRAGWELL
 I'll to her Tent ?

BRAGWELL.

Th' attending Guard shall guide thee.

S C E N E XII.

CHYDA, PINA.

CHYDA.

My Heart beats, and my poor Pulse goes
 tick-tack,

'Tis something whispers, that something's the
 Matter,——

Come, PINA, comfort me.

PINA.

Take Comfort, CHYDA.

CHYDA.

And, is that all the Comfort, thou can'st give me?

S C E N E XIII.

CHYDA, PINA, GLUTTON.

GLUTTON.

Fair CHYDA, an *Embassador* from SURLY
 Desires he may be left with you, alone,

Therefore

TURNCOAT. 25

Therefore, good Ma'am, you and I must be
gone. (to PINA.)

SCENE XIV.

CHYDA, HARDY.

CHYDA.

I must confess, I'm in a pretty Pickle,
What shall I do now? Had I but my Husband.

HARDY.

Here am I.

CHYDA.

Are you indeed?—Yes, 'tis he!—
I'm glad to see you, HARDY—How d'ye do?

HARDY.

Pretty well, thank you, Love, how do you do?

CHYDA.

Heigh—ho!—Alas, my Lord, I've been so
frighted?—

Who cou'd have thought, that we shou'd ever meet
In such a Place as this; it's very odd—

Ah! ah! It's very odd—

HARDY.

What d'ye laugh at?

CHYDA.

Who can hold laughing at this Hurly-Burly.

HARDY.

'Tis ev'n so: *England's* fall'n—and I can't help it.

CHYDA.

O blefs'd and curs'd at once this fatal Day;—
Say, HARDY, say, who led thee to these Tents?

D

HARDY.

HARDY.

Chance.

CHYDA.

Bless'd, bless'd Chance!—Now, SURLY, tho' I fear thee,

Yet I defy thee! For thou art a Coward.

HARDY.

Soul of my Soul, I heart'ly wish thee dead;
Pardon, good CHYDA, my Sincerity,
Forgive me, if I happ'n to take a Fancy
To knock thee down, and with this rattling Chain
Dash out thy Brains;—indeed I am determin'd
At any Rate, never to be cornuted.

CHYDA.

Be easy as to that, for great TURNCOAT,
Who sav'd me from the Perils of this Day,
Hath bravely sworn Protection.

HARDY.

Hang the Fellow!

Unless he consents to rejoin our Arms,
And rescue thee and England.

CHYDA.

That he will—
Behold, he comes exactly when we want him.

SCENE XV.

CHYDA, HARDY, TURNCOAT
POLITIC.

TURNCOAT.

I know not what it is that ails me now;
That cursed Dane has made me quite uneasy.
Holla-ho?—Blood and Hounds!—How can
you here?
Eh! Countryman?

CHY

CHYDA.

I'll introduce ye both.

TURNCOAT, this is my Husband HARDY—

HARDY, this is TURNCOAT, who sav'd me from Dishonour—

TURNCOAT.

Uncivil Fellow ; look, he thanks me not.

HARDY.

Thou sav'dst her from War's Rage ; so I'm thy Friend !

Thou did'st fight against thy King ; so I'm thy Foe.

TURNCOAT.

Adieu.

(going.)

CHYDA.

Oh ! Leave us not thus to Destruction,
Stay, gen'rous Duke.

TURNCOAT.

I am inexorable ;
I'll hear no more.

HARDY.

I'll force thee to hear me,
Ev'n tho' thy Hand were arm'd with a good Rod
To whip me with—TURNCOAT, thou art, I know
Of all the Rebels, the most Virtuous, therefore
Am I thy Friend. I'll make a *Briton* of thee.

TURNCOAT.

That's easy to be done. I'm that already.

HARDY.

Then act a *Briton's* Part.

TURNCOAT.

I wou'd, but—

D 2

HARDY.

HARDY.

What?

TURNCOAT.

Move me, if you can, then perhaps I may.

HARDY.

Move thee! Aye, every Soul here shall be mov'd;
 Come CHYDA, POLITIC, myself, all kneel,
 And speak by Turns.

CHYDA.

Can I hope to be heard?—

POLITIC.

We plead for Life and Freedom—

HARDY.

How I groan!

CHYDA.

Mercy! I bleed—

POLITIC.

Thy Help, we humbly crave—

TURNCOAT.

Upon my Soul, this is a dismal Scene—
 Rise, I yield —

POLITIC.

Bravo!—

TURNCOAT.

Yet to sue for Pardon! - - -

Meanly to stoop! - - -

POLITIC.

Poh! Prithee, don't relapse.

TURNCOAT.

Come, kiss me, CHYDA, HARDY, POLITIC.

POLITIC.

I knew 'twou'd come to this—therefore I sent
 A Spy to watch the King: The same reports;

That

TURNCOAT.

29

That before Morning dawns, he'll storm the *Camp*;
Lead thou thy *Mercians*——

TURNCOAT.

Let us quit the *Camp*.

HARDY.

Thou'rt mad, I think; I am a Pris'ner here;
So then take CHYDA with thee, and be gone.

CHYDA.

Shall I not see my HARDY, ere I go;
Severe Decree!

TURNCOAT.

Why; don't you see him now? ——
What wou'd the Woman have!

CHYDA.

Yes, but I mean ——

TURNCOAT.

You know not what you mean.

POLITIC.

She will be chatt'ring.

TURNCOAT.

Go, CHYDA, behest, wait us in thy Tent;
I go to seek the *Dane* —— Thee, POLITIC,
Haste to my *Mercians*, bid 'em whet their Swords,
And grind their Knives, to butcher all the *Danes*.

SCENE XVI.

SURLY, SHACKLEFIGURE.

SURLY.

Her Husband, said'st thou; I'm a little hard of
Hearing.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

So they say.

SURLY.

I am amaz'd;

Yet how is't known? Were they not left alone?

SHACKLEFIGURE.

And so they were, my Lord, but what of that?
Secrets like those are easily guess'd at.

SURLY.

I guess too, that he has play'd false with BRAGWELL;
So is the Guard ready to seize him?

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Aye.

SURLY.

He comes.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

'Tis he——No, 'tis n't he——Yes, 'tis he!——
I know him, when I see him.

SURLY.

SHACKLEFIGURE!

Hide thee somewhere, and hear me when I call.

S C E N E XVII.

SURLY, HARDY.

SURLY.

Ha! HARDY, well, how goes't?

HARDY.

Damnation seize thee!

What art thou doing here?

SURLY.

SURLY.

I came to guard
Fair CHYDA from the Vapours.

HARDY.

Sir, you lye!

SURLY.

Rash Youth; I love thee for thy Impudence—
CHYDA's thy Wife;—and Honesty requires thee.
To yield her Beauties to the Victor's Lust.

HARDY.

Come Pride, take hold of me; oh! Wou'd I were
A Scorpion, that I might sting thee to Death—
By Heav'n, had I my Sword, I'd run thee through;
Ev'n tho' surrounding Armies shelter'd thee.

SURLY.

Eternal Curses blast thy lying Tongue,
Thou mean, vile Clod of Earth! — Ho,

SHACKLEFIGURE,

Drag him hence; throw him in some dirty Dungeon,
And chain him to the Ground, till he can't stir.

S C E N E XVIII.

SURLY, HARDY, CHYDA, PINA.

CHYDA.

Now, I believe, 'tis Time I shou'd come on.

Oh, SURLY, here am I.

SURLY.

Prithee be quiet,

What wou'd'st thou? — Guards, quick carry
him away.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Are you in Earnest?

SURLY.

SURLY.

Aye.

CHYDA.

Oh ! HARDY.

HARDY.

Adieu.

S C E N E XIX.

SURLY, CHYDA, PINA.

CHYDA.

Stay - - - Gone ! - - - He's lost, he's lost, he's lost,
he's lost.

SURLY.

No——If thou wilt but save him.

CHYDA.

Name the Task——

To save my HARDY I'll do any Thing,

Pine, toil, starve, run to and fro, like a Gypsy ;

To save my Lord.

SURLY.

I crave not half so much——

Turn thou a Strumpet, and he shall be free.

CHYDA.

Peace, rakish Dog, Peace ; for my Ear's too chaste
To listen to thy bawdy Utt'rances.

SURLY.

Else shall I sweep thy HARDY——Where? I know
not.

CHYDA.

Pshaw, you don't say so?

SURLY.

SURLY.

By our Gods, I do.
Whilst thou shalt be the common W——e o'th'
Camp.

CHYDA.

Oh! lift, lift, lift —— For Heaven's Sake, oh!
lift;
Thou know'st no Pity, therefore pity me:
I am, I know not who: Poor friendless Thing!
Unknown to. all; I don't ev'n know myself;
I was wreck'd, Heav'n knows how, on *England's*
Coast;
Perhaps an Infant *Dane*.

SURLY.

An Infant *Dane*!

CHYDA.

And if thou car'st a Farthing for thy Country,
Prithee don't be so rude——Speak, *PINA*, speak,
And tell him how I was wreck'd, and all that ---

SURLY.

Speak the Truth, Woman, or I'll break thy Bones.

PINA.

There liv'd once (and he does not live there now,
Because he's dead) near to the Coast of *Wesssex*,
My Father; and, one Day, as you must know,
He spy'd a *Danish* Ship, driv'n on the Rocks,
Which, by the bye, was after swallow'd up,
With all the Crew, except this hapless Babe:
We carry'd her Home, took great Care of her,
And there she is——She grew excessive handsome,
And was fam'd in the *East, West, North* and *South*,
HARDY heard of her, came, and marry'd her——
So there's an End o'th' Story.

E

CHYDA.

CHYDA.

This same Chain,
I've kept for some good Opportunity.
(*Taking a Chain from her Neck.*)

PINA.

The very same she had on when we found her;
Wrought in such awkward Letters, it wou'd puzzle
The Parson of our Parish, to find out
The Meaning of 'em.

SURLY, *taking the Chain.*

They are *Runic* Figures;
I know a Conjuror, he can explain 'em.

CHYDA.

Give me the Chain again!

SURLY.

Not for the World.
I'll keep it, if you please: This Chain's the Lamp
Which shall to-night, light SURLY to thy Bed.
(*Exit.*)

CHYDA.

Undone! — Haste, PINA, haste, go; tell my
HARDY,
To fly to save me — Pshaw! I'm mad, I think,
How can he come? — Ten to one, he's in
Prison.

SCENE XIX.

TURNCOAT, CHYDA, PINA.

TURNCOAT.

If I'm not deaf, methinks I hear a Noise! —

CHYDA! What Racket are you making here?

CHYDA.

CHYDA.

All's lost——Ev'n now, that ugly Creature SURLY
Hath dragg'd my harmless Lord to Imprisonment;
At his Return; he swears, he'll ravish me.

TURNCOAT.

The Devil he shall——Come along with me:
Let's quit the Camp; my *Mercians* are all ready;
I'll pepper them.

SCENE XX.

TURNCOAT, SHACKLEFIGURE,
CHYDA, PINA.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Hold! hold; I'm here at Hand! ——
TURNCOAT, that Captive Fair's by Birth a *Dane*;
Thence SURLY's.

TURNCOAT.

Poh! Poh! That's a feign'd Pretence.
Eh! CHYDA, isn't it?

CHYDA.

'Pon my Soul, it isn't.

TURNCOAT.

Then tell me, SHACKLEFIGURE, for I'll know,
Wherefore---why---how she came to be a *Dane*.

SHACKLEFIGURE, *producing the Chain*.

These unintelligible Characters----

TURNCOAT, *taking the Chain*.

Heiday, what's here! ---- This Chain myself once
stole

From an audacious *Dane*——I gave it *Polly*.
 She had it on, when furious PLUMP-EM-ALL
 Snatch'd and convey'd my Child —— I know not
 whither.

PINA.

Aye; and she had it on too, when my Father
 And I, by Luck prevented her being drown'd.

TURNCOAT to CHYDA.

Kiss me, my Child.

CHYDA.

It cannot be.

TURNCOAT.

Why so?

CHYDA.

Such Things are too mirac'lous to be true.

TURNCOAT.

Thou art my Child, I say---When first I saw thee,
 I thought thee mine; but in Regard to Children
 We cannot be too sure---and least---

CHYDA (*embracing him.*)

Dear Papa!

PINA.

There's a surprising Stroke; who cou'd have
 guess'd it?

TURNCOAT.

Run, SHACKLEFIGURE, run to SURLY, tell him
 That Nature cancels his, and ev'ry Claim——
 That I've found POLL---my Daughter---Run---

SHACKLEFIGURE.

I'm gone.

A Minute and three Seconds brings me back.

S C E N E

SCENE XXI.

TURNCOAT, CHYDA, PINA.

TURNCOAT.

And do I see thee here, my little POLL! —
 Avaft, avaft; I muft not be fo joyful;
 Alas! I fweat; the Hand of Grief's on me.
 I have a moft intolerable Pain——

CHYDA.

What is it? Can I cure it?

TURNCOAT.

No——By Heaven,
 Wert thou the beft Apothecary,
 Phyfician, Quack, or Empirick, in *England*,
 Thy Remedies were vain: I've ruin'd my Country.

CHYDA.

Pshaw! Is that all? Be eafy, never mind it.

TURNCOAT.

Oh! I'm a Villain, a fad Dog, by Heaven! ---
 Seeft thou yon Moon; it darkens on a fudden——
 Look at yon Owl---Hark! I hear him---how it
 fhricks——
 Mind how that Raven croaks - - - Stay, let us fee,
 Are not we thirteen here?——All this portends
 Some dire Mishap --- Bloodfhed --- Blood CHYDA,
 Blood.

SCENE

SCENE XXII.

TURNCOAT, SHACKLEFIGURE,
CHYDA, PINA, GLUTTON, and
Guards.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

SURLY says, he don't care a F——t for thee,
And will have CHYDA, in Spite of thy Teeth——
So GLUTTON, carry her off.

(the Guards carry her off.)

TURNCOAT.

Thieves! Robb'ry! Treach'ry! Knav'ry! and
Damnation!——

I'll after - - -

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Not so fast——

(stops him.)

[TURNCOAT attempts to draw.]

Disarm the Fellow!

(The remaining Guards disarm him.)

TURNCOAT.

Villains! - - -

SHACKLEFIGURE.

In Pity shew him to some Madhouse.

(Exit with GLUTTON.)

TURNCOAT.

'Sblood, where's my Daughter?

PINA.

There's no Body here;
Follow her now.

TURNCOAT.

Upon my Soul, I won't!——

Revenge! Revenge! Come PINA, come along;
I'll

I'll to this *Dane*, and with my Trump-like Voice,
Dreadful, I'll frighten him out of his Senses;
Shou'd he be deaf, and can't or will not hear me,
By Heav'n, I'll play the Devil thro' the Camp!
I'll light the Fire of Vengeance, here and there,
And make a bustling Racket ev'ry where:
Like Bulls I'll bellow, like a Lion roar;
Bark like a Dog, in Madness and Uproar;
Rend, tear, rout, maim, wound, rack, cut,
shout and brawl;
Then murder ev'ry *Dane*, myself, and all.

SCENE XXIII.

SHACKLEFIGURE, GLUTTON.

GLUTTON.

I've barricado'd her——A thousand *Danes*
Are plac'd, to guard a poor defenceless Woman.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Did not TURNCOAT attempt to kill 'em all?

GLUTTON.

He did. I never saw a Man so wrathful
In all my Days. Thrice he essay'd to pierce
The Ranks, and thrice he was repuls'd unhurt:
I think him, for my Part, invulnerable——
At length he pray'd her Maid might share her
Griefs——

They granted it. But now he comes his Right
To plead with SURLY.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Like two roaring Seas
They'll roar at one another, 'till they burst.

GLUTTON.

GLUTTON.

In Truth, I think it prudent to withdraw.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

But that here I'm to stay, I'd do as much.

S C E N E XXIV.

TURNCOAT, SHACKLEFIGURE.

TURNCOAT.

Vile Mastiff, where's thy Gen'ral?

SHACKLEFIGURE.

Prithee, Friend,

No Names--Damnation take thy stinking Breath!--
What do'st thou want with him?

TURNCOAT.

Tell him I'm come.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

He's busy.

TURNCOAT.

Sirrah! fetch him here this Minute,
Or by yon Heaven, as I hope to live,
My Rage shall make a Dishclout of his Tent.
Then will I make such Noise---The Dead shall
hear me,
The Constellations be eclips'd, and - - -

S C E N E

TURNCOAT.

41

SCENE XXV.

TURNCOAT, SURLY.

SURLY.

Holla!

Hoa! your damn'd Clamour interrupts our Council.
What is the Matter?

TURNCOAT:

Why, audacious *Dane*,
Do'st thou infringe the Laws of War? - - - say - - -
speak - - -

Where is my Captive?

SURLY.

Who am I? Proud Slave,
'Twas I, and I alone, that conquer'd *England*;
Thou'rt nothing in Comparison to me——
Ye won great Things indeed——Of what ye won,
Ye won a Fig for you; the rest for me.

TURNCOAT.

What a curs'd Lye that is —— Isn't every one
Master of what belongs to him? Look yonder,
The vilest Soldier enjoys what he won.

SURLY.

Such is my Pleasure---What is that to thee? ——

TURNCOAT.

Sure there ne'er was so impudent a Fellow——
I'm not thy Slave, am I? ——

SURLY.

Lookee; I'll tell thee,
In very few Words, that thou art my Slave,
And I a very Fool, to parley with thee! ——
Treach'ry, Dissimulation, Violence, Hatred,
These are our Laws; so do not tease me more - - -

TURNCOAT.

How my Heart swells! —— Your Help I do not
crave,

F

Ye

Ye Pow'rs ! I am a Knave, as well as he —
 Yet hear me SURLY, hear a Parent's Pray'r ! —

SURLY.

Poh ! SHACKLEFIGURE told me, thou'rt her Fa-
 ther ;

But I wou'd not believe it ; and much less
 Shall I believe it, when thou sayest it.

TURNCOAT.

A thousand Things, well known, proclaim her
 mine —

SURLY, perhaps, that on some future Hour,
 (Who knows what may hereafter happen) some
 Child,

Thy Comfort, may be hurl'd away from thee,
 We ought to look into Futurity,
 'Ere we begin to set about Mischief.

SURLY.

Womanish Soul ! — Think'ft thou I can be
 daunted —

With thy Old Mother Tales — Hence, Dotard,
 hence ;

Thou wert made for the Spindle ; hence, avaunt —

TURNCOAT.

Horror and Hell, Damnation, and the Devil,
 I'm chok'd ; step down, ye Heav'ns ! Ye Thun-
 ders, roar !

Flash, Lightning ! — Rain, ye Clouds ! —
 drop down,

Ye Thunderbolts ; all come, and take my Part —
 Curfed be thou, and curfed be all Mankind,
 Nay, curfed be myself —

SURLY.

Retire, vile Rebel —

TURNCOAT.

I wish I had my Sword to run him through —
 I'm burn'd to Death ; the Fires of Earth and Hell
 Are

TURNCOAT.

43

Are kindled in this Heart—Wou'd I were mad—
That I might lift a Mountain on my Back,
And crush the Man to Death——

SURLY.

Go, get thee hence ——
By Hell, thou'rt mad, and I'm mad myself,
To listen to thy Nonsense——Hence, Lunatic! ---

TURNCOAT.

Yes, I will go——We can't stay here for ever;
Think'st thou I can do nothing; thou'rt mistaken;
By Heaven, I'll come in such a frightful Shape ---
I should not tell thee what I am about;
But I care not——Think not I'm Gasconading
All this Time——Faith, I'll come more terrifying
Than thou can'st think. Thou shalt soon see.
Adieu. (Exit.)

SURLY.

Who waits there?

SCENE XXVI.

SURLY, GLUTTON.

SURLY.

Holla! GLUTTON, watch yon Fellow;
Take Care he don't escape out of the Camp.

GLUTTON.

Shall I dispatch him?

SURLY.

No, No. That won't do;
For this must have an End ——

SCENE XXVII.

SURLY, BRAGWELL.

SURLY.

O welcome, BRAGWELL;

F 2

Thou

Thou com'st always exactly when I need thee:
Well, HARDY - - -

BRAGWELL.

Even now, I met him yonder ;
Thy horrid Purpose I imparted him ;
To my Surprise, he met it like a Man - - -
Answer'd it like a Woman — To be short,
He said he'd go and win her to thy Bed ;
But that such Things as those, ought to be done
In private : (he's a very modest Youth)
I shall blush, said he, if your Guards surround me.
I promis'd then they should be left alone ;
So that, good Sir, the Business is done.

SURLY.

Bid SHACKLEFIGURE lead him to his Wife - - -
Yet should he mean to wile her from our Camp !

BRAGWELL.

And how the Devil wou'd you have 'em get out ?

SURLY.

True. So she's mine—By Heav'n, I am so glad,
I believe I shall jump out of my Skin :
Before Midnight I'll go to Bed to her. (*Exit.*)

BRAGWELL.

Eternal Night o'erwhelm me, if you do —
Is he a greater Fool than I a Villain ?
'Tis hard to tell ! — But he's a Fool, indeed,
To think that HARDY wou'd e'er stoop to Pimping
And Cuckoldom—He holds a diff'rent Purpose—
And yet two Chances are better than one.
I'll to TURNCOAT : Yes, he shall do the Deed ;
The fittest Man in Knave'ry to succeed.

S C E N E

TURNCOAT.

45

SCENE XXVIII.

GLUTTON, TURNCOAT *after him.*

TURNCOAT.

Stay, GLUTTON, stay---What Hurry you are in!--

GLUTTON.

Silence your bawling Tongue.

TURNCOAT.

Release my Child,
And I am gone — My Dukedom's Wealth is
thine.

GLUTTON.

Thy Dukedom, ah! ah! ah! that's very odd.
By Heav'n, thou art a strange Sort of a Fellow;
Where is thy Dukedom? — Thou'rt poor as
an Herring;
Peace then, and thank our Generosity,
To leave thee Life — and Air to breathe and feed
thee. (Exit.)

TURNCOAT.

I'll sooner starve to Death — Here will I lie
[Throws himself on the Ground.
Tormented by foul Anguish and Despair —
Appear, ye Ghosts of murder'd *Englishmen*;
Appear in bloody Shirts, and horrid Shapes,
With hideous Yell, and nettle me to Death.
Powder'd with Flour, and trim'd with Blood,
appear,
And fright me, 'till my Senses, if I've any,
Start from my Brain, that I may run stark mad----
Methinks I cou'd make a good Conjuror.

SCENE

TURNCOAT.

SCENE XXIX.

TURNCOAT, BRAGWELL.

BRAGWELL.

I hear him——What's here?——Art thou not
TURNCOAT?

TURNCOAT.

My Name once was TURNCOAT, but now 'tis
chang'd;
What's thine?

BRAGWELL.

Know'st thou me not? My Name is BRAGWELL.

TURNCOAT.

Jove's blazing Thunderbolts be hurl'd on me,
If I knew thee: Indeed I am short sighted.

BRAGWELL.

What's the Matter with thee?

TURNCOAT.

'Las, my Child——My Daughter——

BRAGWELL.

Hapless TURNCOAT; thou know'st not half thy
Griefs.

TURNCOAT.

Eh! What say'st thou? By Heav'n, I'm a Prophet;
Thy Meaning all I know, and yet I'll ask thee.
But if thy Tale kind Pity dreads to tell,
Thou know'st no Pity, therefore tell it me.

BRAGWELL.

'Ere Midnight, SURLY will to Bed with CHYDA.

TURNCOAT.

TURNCOAT.

47

TURNCOAT.

May Palsy, Plagues, Disease, Consumption,
Famine,
Fever and Pestilence consume the Rogue;
And may the self-same Curses blast thee too,
For telling me of this——Oh! For a Dagger.

BRAGWELL.

Fear not: I always carry one about me.

TURNCOAT.

'Tis good Provision 'gainst Necessity,
Oh! Give it me; I'll straight to murder him.

BRAGWELL.

Mind me; I rule the Watch that guards thy
Daughter.

TURNCOAT.

It cannot be.

BRAGWELL.

It is, I tell thee; Chance
Has ever favour'd tragical Events:
I shall blind-fold the Files, and give thee Entrance;
Yet, to be safer still, I will disguise thee,
Like SURLY——then, when he —— & *Cætera*.

TURNCOAT.

Ay, Ay, I'll Poniard him——Come gen'rous
Dane,

My brave Partner in Villainy, come on;
Like *Bucks*, we'll breed a Riot thro' the Camp,
And make such thund'ring Noise - - - Let us be
gone - - -

Now SURLY, now thy Life stands a bad Chance;
Not worth a Pin's End; *for this † is a Knell*
Which summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

SCENE

† The Dagger.

SCENE XXX.

HARDY, SHACKLEFIGURE.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

This is the Way——Yon Path leads to her Tent.
 The Guards have left the Entrance free——
 Call forth thy CHYDA to this ample Round ;
 The Guard's too distant to hear your Converse——
 Besides, the Scene must be transacted here.

HARDY.

I'll call her hither.

SHACKLEFIGURE.

I leave ye together.

(Exit.)

HARDY.

CHYDA, come forth.

SCENE XXXI.

HARDY, CHYDA, PINA.

CHYDA.

Who calls ?——Is it you, HARDY ?

HARDY.

Thou Sum of all my Wishes, let me kiss thee——
 SURLY hath sent me on a pimping Task ;
 My Life's at Stake ; but I prefer to die,
 Rather than purchase it by Cuckoldom :
 And yet, my Dear, the fatal Hour's at Hand ;
 The lustful Dane prepares him for thy Tent.

CHYDA.

Angels, and Ministers of Grace defend us !

I'm Lost——Can'st thou not stay, and save me,

HARDY ?

HARDY.

HARDY.

Not I, indeed, the Guard expects me back ;
CHYDA, there's but one Way, and this is it ;
Take thou this Dagger, and assassinate him.

CHYDA.

What, turn a bloody Murd'rer, fye upon't !

HARDY.

There's no Harm in't ; a minute'll do the Business.

CHYDA.

Alas, my HARDY, I'm a very Novice
In the assassinating Way, indeed
I cannot bear to see a Chicken's Death ;
How shou'd I then assassinate a Man.

HARDY.

Poh ! Don't be so conscientious - - - SURLY comes.

CHYDA.

O save me !

HARDY.

I am call'd, and must be gone.

CHYDA.

Where is the Dagger ?

HARDY.

In my Hand——Here take it.

(She takes the Poniard.)

Strike bravely, and as deep as possible ;
Retire, he'll seek thee in the inner Tent. *(Ex.)*

CHYDA.

Farewell my Lord——Now let the Ruffian come.
Confusion to mine Eyes ; I think I see him.

G

S C E N E

SCENE XXXII.

CHYDA, TURNCOAT, BRAGWELL, PINA.

BRAGWELL.

This Way.

TURNCOAT.

Eternal Dumbness catch thy Tongue!

Don't speak so loud, the Guard will overhear us.

BRAGWELL.

How shou'd they; we talk *English*.

TURNCOAT.

So can they.

SURLY, I come—depart. I thank thee BRAGWELL.
(*Exit BRAGWELL, and TURNCOAT enters the Walk.*)

CHYDA.

O PINA, let us hence.

PINA.

Where will you go?

CHYDA.

I know not.

PINA.

Haste thee after him; make Haste;
And if he shou'd attempt to 'scape this Way,
Depend upon it, I'll tear his Eyes out.

(*CHYDA enters the Walk.*)

I hope to Heav'n she'll make an End of him

TURNCOAT, *within*.

Holla! What Petticoat is that?

CHYDA.

TURNCOAT.

51

CHYDA.

'Tis mine.

TURNCOAT.

CHYDA !

CHYDA.

My Father !

TURNCOAT.

Is it you ?

CHYDA.

Ev'n so

TURNCOAT, *leading CHYDA forward.*

I was about to do a pretty Job.

CHYDA.

And so was I.

TURNCOAT.

Indeed, my charming *Polly*,

But for thy Gown, I'd made a gross Mistake.

SCENE XXXIII.

TURNCOAT, CHYDA, PINA.
POLITIC.

TURNCOAT.

Well, POLITIC, what News ?

POLITIC.

Mirac'lous News !

What the Duce are you fiddling-faddling here ?

The King has storm'd the Camp ; Death and
Destruction

Rear in the Field ; the *Danish* Soldiers fly like Dust ;
Brave HARDY has done SURLY's Business ;

Our

Our King's again a King, and *England's* free,
Didst thou not bear a Noise?

TURNCOAT,

Not we, indeed,

POLITIC,

You are deaf, I suppose.

TURNCOAT,

How! POLITIC,

Has all that been done in so little Time?

POLITIC,

In less, than I can tell it you, believe me.

TURNCOAT,

'Tis true, some Folks do Business very quickly—

So they have no Occasion for my Aid:

I may as well then slay myself.

(*Raises his Arm to stab himself, POLITIC prevents him.*)

POLITIC,

Forbear.

TURNCOAT.

Hold, POLITIC; true *British* Hearts love Blood.

The Audience will go discontented Home,

If I don't give myself two or three Stabs;

Nay more, suppose I kill my Daughter also.

POLITIC,

Poh! Prithce don't be mad.

(*Lays hold of the Dagger.*)

TURNCOAT,

I'll die thro' Grief! **AP 54**

With Phrenzy-like Despair put out my Light,

And bid the World and Audience all Good-Night.

F I N I S.

